

# Wild Cowboy

Clipse

Look - you ain't dealin wit no child's toy  
I'm a wild cowboy (yo I'm a wild cowboy)  
Yet you walk around town with them real aisle toys  
Your best bet, recognize my style boy  
Cause I'll tap your back (and let that be that)

If I had a nine or a twenty-two, it wouldn't make a difference  
Close range or up on the roof at long distance  
Using a scope, tie up your family using a rope  
Dump you in the river with weights, you won't float  
Abusing your folks, one of the methods  
You get the message, probably take about a week before they find the records  
So pay up or it's a, beef forever  
Till I get the dough it's gon' be like we we're glued together  
So what you think it can't happen to you?  
Cause I'm a broad? till I start clapping at you  
Pull out the sword take a couple steps turn around like a western  
Spin one-eighty degrees, squeeze off, blow your chest in  
Weigh shots by the units, bang this opportunist  
You want war, I'm quick on draw, like cartoonists  
It's two kinds of people, the haves and have nots  
The ones that punch clocks or those wit stash spots  
See I got the cash locked when I spit the hot verse  
The rules of the game, is to get the drop first  
Oh, you don't get it? well you will when I spit it  
Divine exquisite, connected like consitics  
I eat, sleep and shit it, surprise the critics  
Wit a flow that defies all the laws of physics  
Wages of sin, give me a shank and two cases of gin  
My patience is thin, wild gals think the places of men

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I told them like this, give it up and don't resist  
The name Malicious and my aim don't miss  
A hollow tip in the clip with his name on it  
Thought he had a parade till we rained on it  
Now it's the final lap, move to slow  
Tried to react, my final tap a spinal tap ball in his back  
We never chance em, get the ransom, ambulance em  
All or Nothing, my motto and anthem  
I gotta watch my back, cause these niggaz is hungry  
Got the good, bad and ugly wantin to slug me  
We roll out and tear the city up  
Wild cowboys moving along, giddy up, what's up  
And we can buck til the sunset  
Pick em off one by one, havin fun yet?  
We got money to get and there's hoes to lust  
Ain't enough room in this town for the both of us, fuck

You see we pulling toasters, out the holsters  
Wanted dead or alive, my face on posters  
We come to collect debts, roll wit twin tecs  
All the chrome fours spinning on my index

And for all niggaz that study  
Neptunes beats till they go nutty  
Make you say what the fucky  
Gonna do what my glock busty  
Make the cops wonder where the older went like Tussy

You're gonna need your best five to tangle with suicide  
Boy, you vs I, however it's do or die  
Who are you to question my presence like who am I  
Name Terrar, now the new question is who's to try  
No one, put two up in em the slow gun  
Turn his face so our eyes don't meet, he know something  
That nigga flow something, his money it grow something  
But come at him sideways in the street, he'll blow something  
Fuck your temple, I gotta make my mark, that's too simple  
I'd rather hit him once in each cheek, leave him with dimples  
So if the bitch live, he'll walk around with my stencil  
And if the bitch die, outline him in chalk pencil  
Everything flooded, we star-studded celestial  
Space Ghost flow, extra-terrestrial  
If ya'll can't hear me, increase the decibel  
When we talk money, exclude the decimal bitch!